

THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

Established March 4, 1885. Made Famous in the Story of "Jonathan and His Continent," by Max O'Rell.

SPENCER COOPER, Owner and Editor.

"Of a Nasty World, With News From All Nations Lumbering at His Back,"

\$1.00 A YEAR, Always in Advance

TWELFTH YEAR.

HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY KENTUCKY. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1896.

NUMBER 87.

Lexington and Eastern Railway.

Time Table in Effect April 1, 1896.

WEST BOUND.

STATIONS	No. 1. Daily.	No. 5. Daily, ex. Sunday.
Lexington	10 00 am	4 35 pm
Avon	9 31 am	3 55 pm
Winchester	9 10 am	2 25 pm
Fairlie	8 54 am	2 00 pm
Indian Flds	8 37 am	1 10 pm
Clay City	8 19 am	11 40 am
Santon	8 10 am	11 20 am
Fulton	7 55 am	10 48 am
Dundee	7 43 am	10 17 am
Nat. Bridge	7 38 am	10 07 am
Torment	7 24 am	9 35 am
Beatty's Je	7 03 am	8 25 am
Three Fks C	6 53 am	8 00 am
Elkton	6 32 am	7 18 am
Elkton	6 08 am	6 30 am
Jackson	6 00 am	6 10 am

EAST BOUND.

STATIONS	No. 2. Daily.	No. 6. Daily ex. Sunday.
Lexington	2 20 pm	6 30 am
Avon	2 47 pm	7 08 am
Winchester	3 07 pm	8 10 am
Fairlie	3 21 pm	8 54 am
Indian Flds	3 37 pm	9 24 am
Clay City	3 55 pm	11 45 am
Santon	4 05 pm	12 10 pm
Fulton	4 18 pm	12 41 pm
Dundee	4 32 pm	1 15 pm
Nat. Bridge	4 37 pm	1 26 pm
Torment	4 51 pm	2 00 pm
Beatty's Je	5 16 pm	3 05 pm
Three Fks C	5 26 pm	3 25 pm
Elkton	5 48 pm	4 12 pm
Elkton	6 12 pm	5 05 pm
Jackson	6 20 pm	5 20 pm

Nos. 1 and 2 arrive and depart from C. & O. Union depot at Lexington. All freight trains arrive and depart from Netherland.

J. D. LIVINGSTON,
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Wholesale Grocers,
MT. STERLING, KY.



For THE HERALD.]

THE HAUNTED CAMP.

BY SLOCUM.

"Backward, turn backward, oh, Time, in
your flight,
Make me a child again, just for tonight."

Though far away from the scenes
of my childhood, memory wafts
me back to them and I live again
in the bright sunlight of the days
that were "brightest and best"
and bathe my soul in the bright-
ness that eliminates from the mem-
ory of childhood's happy days.
Varied with many changeful col-
orings are the scenes that are
sketched on memory's canvass.
Some stand out clearly defined as
though the beams of morning were
just breaking around them. Others
seem to be surrounded by the
dreamy shadows of sunset, yet
all enveloped in that soft enchant-
ing glow that memory wraps as a
mantel around those mementoes
that we bring with us from the
wreck of the past to cheer us thro'
existence.

It is of one of those events of my
childhood, and a tale connected
with it, that I will write, with the
hope that some one in their hours
of leisure would be pleased to read
a story of the long ago.

When I was a mere boy, some
seven or eight years of age, my
father lived in a quiet valley of
the Old Dominion, near the banks
of the grand old Cumberland, that
leaped and tumbled along the base
and among the spurs and foothills
of the Black mountains. Game
of all kinds was plentiful and we
were always supplied with the
finest meats the forests of those
days could afford.

Here I lived in "bliss sublime,"
imbibing the wild nature of my
surroundings and bidding fair to
become a typical representative of
the old Virginia backwoods. My
father saw and realized all this,
and although it pained him to
quit the life he loved so well, yet
for my sake he left the solitude of
the forests and moved to the set-
tlements where I might have the
advantage of an education.

Many have been the years that
have passed since I left its banks,
and fraught with varied events,
but they can not efface the glad
remembrance of the happy days I
spent on the Cumberland. While
I was yet a mere boy it was my
greatest delight to go on hunting
excursions back to the mountains
near my home.

Early in the forties a party of
men prepared to go to those moun-
tains to hunt bees and game, and

dig sang, and I was permitted to
go along with my uncle, who was
one of the party. Oh, happy boy
that I was! light hearted and hap-
py, and how vividly do I remem-
ber the events of that hunt! We
struck camp the first night on top
of the little Black mountains.
Some of the party had killed a
deer, and after building a shelter,
which consisted of two forks set
perpendicular in the ground and
two long poles reaching from the
forks diagonally to the ground and
these covered with boughs, we built
a large fire and had a delicious re-
past of roasted venison. Supper
over, the party engaged in a gen-
eral conversation and smoke which
lasted long into the night.

Towards midnight there came
sweeping down upon us from the
north a cold wave and the air soon
became so frigid that we were com-
pelled to change quarters and seek
protection from the chilling wind
down in the valley. Accordingly
my uncle, who acted as guide for
the party, led us down the moun-
tain side to a large rock house, a
splendid camping place, yet not
often used. Here we spent the
remainder of the night. Next
day we scoured the hillside for
sang, bees and game, and with the
setting sun again sought our camp
for rest, refreshment and repose.

Supper over, our guide asked us,
as we sat around the roaring camp-
fire, if we knew of the story and
the tragedy connected with the
camp we were now occupying and
why it was so seldom used by the
hunters. None of us knew and all
expressed an eagerness to hear the
tale.

"It was," said he, "about the
year 1804, before the great tide of
civilization from the east had roll-
ed its vast waves far over the west-
ern wilds; while the Indians still
roamed through the forests of
Western Virginia and Kentucky
and built their wigwams in the
valley of the Big Sandy river, that
a party of hunters, six in number,
five of them members of the same
family, brothers, came across from
eastern Virginia to this valley of
the Cumberland to hunt. They
occupied this camp, and here for
many days unmolested they hunt-
ed and enjoyed themselves as only
hunters can. One night as they
were sitting around the campfire
enjoying broiled venison and re-
counting the events of the day,
that one who bore no relationship
to the other members of the party,
save as a friend and comrade, and
whom we shall designate as num-
ber six, called the attention of his
comrades to the regularity with
which some mountain owls were
hooting, seeming to answer each
other, and that from points which
completely surrounded the camp.
Every time an owl would hoot
others would answer from various
points on the hills and each time
the hooting seemed nearer than
before. None of the party paid
any attention to this thinking it
just some freak of those feathered
monsters that make night hideous
in those mountainous regions and
especially when a campfire is start-
ed. But number six thought dif-
ferently, and drawing himself
himself away some little distance
from the camp he listened intent-
ly to those sounds that had aroun-
ded his apprehension. They con-
tinued to peal forth on the still
night air with dismal forebodings

in their dreary echoes, and con-
stantly they drew nearer to the
camp. Number six became alarm-
ed and returning to the camp he
again called the attention of his
comrades to the hooting of the
owls and expressed his belief that
Indians were closing in around the
camp and were using the owl hoot
as signals by which they might
ascertain each other's positions.
He was laughed to scorn, but his
fears were not allayed, and taking
his gun he told his comrades he
was going to see one of those owls
and plunged into the darkness of
the forest. He traveled cautious-
ly on till near where he heard an
owl and concealed himself beneath
the brink of a large tree that had
fallen across a ravine. There he
lay for a short time, when he heard
the leaves rustling and twigs break-
ing beneath the tread of something
stealing through the forest, and
presently an Indian mounted the
log and walking half way across
stopped and hooted like an owl.
Immediately he was answered by
a score of others. Number Six
lay still until the Indian passed
out of hearing and then struck
across the mountain toward the
settlements, but ere he had passed
out of hearing he heard the crack
of the rifle and the Indian yell
that proclaimed the triumph of
their enterprise. Number Six
reached the settlements and col-
lecting a body of men returned to
the scene of the massacre and there
they found the dead bodies of all
the brothers. None had escaped.
They are buried just out there,"
said our guide, pointing to a mound
of earth full in the light of the
campfire. "They were placed in an
excavation made by the uprooting
of a giant oak and the mound that
you see is raised above them, and
ever since that night there has
at times been seen and heard at
this camp the flash of guns and
the groans of dying men."

As the guide concluded his nar-
rative a gust of wind came moan-
ing through the forest trees and
we fancied the spirits of the dead
hunters were coming back to claim
their camp, and every time the
fire would crackle we would start
and look in every direction as
though we expected to see a stal-
wart Indian rushing upon each of
us with uplifted tomahawk. That
night every fellow tried to get his
neighbor on the outside of the
circle, and I'll tell you, dear read-
er of THE HERALD, forms were ex-
tremely scarce on that side next
the mound where the dead hunters
were buried, and from the way we
eyed that mound one might have
suspected that we expecting the
resurrection at any moment.

However, no haunts came to mo-
lest that night and we all staid
on the inside of the circle, at least
while we were awake, and the next
day changed our location. But I
have since heard many old hunters
tell of seeing the flash of guns
around that camp at the hour it
is supposed the massacre took
place, and the groans of men
struggling in death have swept
through the valley. But whether
those flashes seen were from fire-
flies, and those sounds of death
the moaning of the wind, I leave
the reader to decide, but that
place today is known as "The
Haunted Camp."

WANTED.—Fifty bushels of new corn
for cash. The lowest bidder will get
the contract. Apply at this office.

Campaign Deceptions.

What sort of education is it to
our young men and boys to study
political ways and means in a
practical manner at this moment?
Scarcely can it be possible that
that the simplest mind will not
feel, however obscurely, that par-
tisan arguments are largely made
up of falsehoods gorgeously paint-
ed with an outward coating of
truth, says the editor of the Chau-
taquan. Of course a campaign
is an important struggle, and every
good citizen should feel the respon-
sibility with which a vote is bur-
dened. We must weigh well our
choice between the theories of par-
ties, and also between the charac-
ter and purposes of candidates.
Not frenzied partisanship, ready
to sacrifice truth and honor for
present victory, but calm, thought-
ful, conscientious judgment is
what should govern political ac-
tion. The recent election is not
the last one we shall hold in our
country, and the evils of this cam-
paign will be arising to plague us
hereafter. We may have difficulty
when we attempt to explain away
the falsehoods of our hideously
lurid prophecies. It is always safe,
always manly, always right to tell
only what is true and to abide by
the result of honorable effort, and
it is always unmanly, always un-
patriotic, always dangerous, and
never right to suffer our greed for
victory to override our sense of
truth. An election is an object
lesson of stupendous influence over
the popular mind. We can not
say how far this influence goes in
molding our people's character;
but certainly there is nothing in
our current national life more
strikingly memorable than the
main elements of a national cam-
paign. Would that these elements
were all worthy of admiring study
by the youths who are soon to be
masters of our political destiny.

WANTED.—SEVERAL FAITHFUL MEN
or women to travel for responsible es-
tablished house in Kentucky. Salary \$780,
payable \$15 weekly and expenses. Position
permanent. Reference. Enclose self-address-
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Chicago. 22-48

Try It and See.

Whatever may be said about the pub-
lications of Rev. Irl R. Hick by those
who do not fully understand the facts,
there is no use denying the truth that
paper and almanac have come to stay.
His splendid journal, Word and Works,
is now entering its tenth year, largely
increased in circulation and in every
way improved, until it deserves the na-
tional reputation it has attained. His
1897 almanac is now ready and is by far
the finest and most beautiful he has yet
issued. It contains 108 pages, including
cover artistically printed in colors, and
is filled from back to back with just
what is wanted in every shop, office and
home in America. One feature of the
almanac for 1897 is a series of 12 original
beautifully engraved star maps, with ex-
planatory chapters, which could not be
bought for less than five dollars in any
work on astronomy. As Mr. Hicks has
so correctly and faithfully warned the
public of coming droughts, floods, cold
waves, blizzards, tornadoes and cyclones,
in the years passed, aside from the other
varied and splendid features of his pa-
per and almanac, these considerations
alone should prompt every family to
subscribe for 1897. The almanac is only
25 cents a copy. Word and Works is
one dollar a year, and a copy of the fine
almanac goes as a premium with every
yearly subscription. Write to Word
and Works Publishing Company, St.
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To Cure Cold In One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets.
All druggists refund the money if it fails
to cure. 25c.

THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN. : : : KY.

BRAVADO NOT BRAVERY.

(Copyright, 1896.)

My father was a very practical man, and yet something of a philosopher. I can see him now as he appeared when in a logical mood; he would lightly tap the palm of his left hand with the two forefingers of his right, and then proceed to make what he called a "distinction." One of these "distinctions" I have never forgotten, and never shall.

My brother Burton and I had just been engaged in some daring escapade that had come very near costing our lives. To be frank, mother had almost fainted through terror, and even father, brave and self-possessed as he usually was, had turned as white as a pillow; while we boys—well, I am ashamed to say we were so depraved as well, to look upon the foolish exploit as a heroic achievement that ought to go into history.

No matter now what the adventure was. The fact is, I should be ashamed to describe it, although it occurred more years ago than I care to tell. But, after the scare was all over, father had us carry our chairs out under the shade trees in the dooryard, and then he sat down before us, and laid those two forefingers on his left palm. We knew then what was coming.

"Boys," he began—how well I remember his earnest face!—"Boys, you should always make a distinction between bravery and foolhardiness."

I suppose our faces must have looked somewhat blank at this statement; it was a new "distinction" to us.

"Don't you see?" he asked. "Well, it's a little hard for boys to grasp an abstract principle," he added, half to himself. "You will understand a concrete case better."

He looked out through the foliage of the maple trees bordering the street and mused for a few moments; then he turned to us suddenly and said:

"Boys, do you want to hear a story—or, rather, two stories in one?"

"Yes, yes," we replied, glad that we were not, after all, to listen to a sermon on finely drawn "distinctions."

"Well, the events of which I am thinking occurred when I was a lad about your age, Chester." That was myself, you see. "My oldest brother, your uncle, Harold, was the hero. You may think, however, that one of his exploits was not very heroic. Harold was a bold, daring fellow, and rather reckless like some boys—hem!"

Father interrupted himself by clearing his throat when he saw how furiously Burton and I were blushing.

"He sometimes got into serious scrapes by taking foolish and unnecessary risks," father pursued. "Once he was almost drowned in trying to cross a swollen stream, when there was not the least need of making the venture."

"I at that is not the incident of which I wish to tell you. When Harold was 14 he was sent to the high school in a village about two miles from our country home. For riding back and forth my father bought him a fine young blooded horse, of which Harold was very proud. The animal's name was so princely that Harold called him Regal, a name which he soon abridged to Reg, as that seemed to glide from the tongue more readily. You should have seen Regal as he cantered gayly up hill and down dale, bearing his proud young owner on his back. The two made a picture worth painting."

"The horse was bought in the autumn. The winter passed and spring opened gloriously, and the young student was never happier in his life than when he went prancing along the highway or stopped to listen to the songs of the meadowlarks, grassfinches and bobolinks in the adjacent fields."

"Be very careful with Regal, my boy," I heard my father say to Harold one day. "Don't ride him too hard, and, above all, never take any unnecessary risks with him."

"You see, father knew Harold's disposition—that was the reason he spoke to him in that warning way. Well would it have been if—but I mustn't get ahead of my story. I fear Harold sometimes yielded to the temptation to race with some of his young friends on his way to and from the village, and perhaps father had heard about those races."

"One pleasant evening after school hours Harold leaped upon Regal's back and went loping grandly down the street of the village. On reaching the middle of the town, or what was called the 'public square,' he wheeled around the corner and started northward in the direction of our home. As he did so he heard the whistle of the 'lightning express' in the distance, approaching the village, along the edge of which the railway ran. As the station was a small one this fast express never stopped there, but went dashing by the village at a tremendous speed."

"The spirit of daring and adventure seized Harold that evening when he heard the whistle of the approaching train."

"Now for a race, Reg!" he cried, tapping the horse's side with his riding whip. "We can beat that pokey old train to the crossing. I know we can. We've done it before, and we can do it

again. You've never been beaten in a race yet, my boy."

"Of course the spirited animal responded to the touch of the whip, starting off on a swift gallop. It was almost a half mile to the crossing. The rapid clatter of Regal's hoofs upon the hard streets brought more than one person to the front door to see what it meant."

"That boy'll get his neck broke some o' these days with his foolish racin'," remarked an old woman, holding up her hands in dismay as the boy rushed by at a breakneck speed.

"Go on, Reg!" shouted Harold. "Hurrah! Faster, or you'll get beaten!" and he lashed the horse with his whip.

"The train was rushing at an unusual speed toward the village, making up for lost time. Howard could see its trail of black smoke floating above the houses, although he could not hear the rumble of its swiftly-revolving wheels for the clatter of Regal's hoofs."



BEFORE HE COULD GET CLEAR OF THE TRACKS THE ENGINE STRUCK HIM.

"Onward the train swept; onward the horse and his reckless rider spun, both of the rival racers approaching the crossing at about the same distance."

"Go 'long, go lo-o-o-n-g!" shouted Harold. "Quick! quick! faster! faster!"

"The horse grew desperate and plunged forward with a velocity that made more than one spectator's blood chill. Then the train swept into view, steaming and tooting. There were no houses at the right of the station and yet so excited and reckless had he become that when he saw that he and the locomotive must strike the crossing at nearly the same moment he took no counsel of fear or prudence, but continued to urge his horse to a still swifter pace, if that was possible."

"The engineer saw the foolish boy

ruined a mystery. He was flung upon a sand heap, which broke his fall. He lay still for a few minutes, stunned by the shock he had sustained, and when he came to his senses a number of men and boys rushed to the scene of the disaster. The first words he spoke were these:

"Where's Regal? Is he killed? Tell me, is he killed?"

"Come and see for yourself, youngster," said one of the men.

Harold lobbied to the place where the horse lay. I am sorry to say it, but the poor animal was bruised and bleeding and—stone dead. My brother flung himself on the ground by Regal's side, put his arm about his neck, and wept the bitterest tears of his life.

"Ah, I've murdered my poor Regal!" he wailed. "It was all my fault. I've murdered him!"

"More than one person standing by turned away to hide the unhidden tears.

"It's a runaway team in a big wagon!" he shouted. "And it's coming this way!"

"I glanced back and saw two panic-stricken horses rushing down the road toward us at full speed, the wagon jumping and swaying from side to side, with no person anywhere to be seen on the seat or in the box. The horses were still a number of rods in our rear, as the road fortunately was not so meandering at that point as in many other places. I knew that we were doomed if the team, with the heavy wagon, should rush down upon us. There would be no escape. The road was very narrow. We should all be crushed to death or hurled down the terrible declivity at our right. I felt paralyzed, and a kind of stupor came over me. My mother and sister were too terrified even to shriek. But I was awakened from my stupor by Harold's strong, commanding voice:

"Hold the lines, Chester," he said to me. "I'll do what I can to save all of you."

He grasped the carriage whip, sprang over the wheel to the ground and then ran back toward the runaway horses, which by this time had come much nearer. I had all I could do to manage Tom, but mother turned, her pulse almost ceasing to beat, and watched her brave boy, who was so unselfishly taking his life in his own hands to save us from a terrible death."

"She said that he never paused or faltered, but ran straight on toward the team, brandishing his whip before them and shouting at the top of his voice, to turn them from the road. But they seemed to be blind with panic, for they continued their headlong pace in spite of all Harold's efforts. They were almost upon him now, and mother expected every moment to see him crushed beneath their feet."

"However, just in the nick of time, he sprang nimbly toward the upper side of the road, and then with his whip struck the horses over the faces with all his might. Harold's sturdy action caused the team to veer a few feet toward the right. The next moment they went scrambling along the edge of the narrow road, and then plunged, with the heavy wagon, down the steep, rocky declivity, the rear wheels coming within a few feet of our carriage. It was a terrible scene. I never wish to see another like it."

"But what happened to Uncle Harold?" I asked, my interest being chiefly centered on him.

"Mother saw him struck down by the side of the road, and before I could stop Tom, she had leaped from the carriage, and was running back to the place where the brave boy lay."

"Was he badly hurt?"

"He was hurt, but not seriously. In a few minutes he came limping down the hill, with mother's help. The hind wheel of the wagon, as it swung around, had struck him, or, rather, only grazed him, making a somewhat severe bruise on his hip, from which he suffered no painful consequences after it was healed."

"Before we could get started again, several men came running down the road, and when they heard the story of Harold's brave, unselfish deed, they called him the 'greatest hero in the state.' Even the man whose team lay dead among the trees and rocks on the declivity below, had tears in his eyes when he grasped my brother's hands."

"When we reached home and described our adventure, dwelling chiefly on our hero's part in it, my father pressed Harold to his bosom."

"That was an act of real heroism, my dear boy," he said, with deep emotion. "You shall now have another horse just as good as Regal was, to ride to school. And that's the second story," my father ended."

"Hurrah for Uncle Harold!" I shouted, flinging my cap in the air; and my brother followed my example."

"And now, boys," asked my father, earnestly, "which are you going to be hereafter, 'brave or foolhardy?'"

"Brave," both of us replied, unhesitatingly."

"You see the distinction now, do you?" he said, with a meaning smile."

LEANDER S. KEYSER.

Not Necessary.

Lowlyot—How often do you prune your vines?"

Cityman (who has just moved to the suburbs)—Never; we buy all our prunings at the grocer's.—Roxbury Gazette.

—The name Agag, mentioned in Jewish history as that of an Amalekite king, was used in common by all sovereigns of that country.



THE NEXT MOMENT THEY PLUNGED DOWN THE STEEP ROCKY ACCLIVITY.

dashing forward, but could not stop the train in time to prevent a catastrophe. Regal reached the crossing just in front of the engine, and had flung his fore feet, head and shoulders to the farther side; but before he could get entirely free of the track the engine struck the rear part of his body and tossed him almost as if he had been a marble over into a common upon the grass."

"Was he killed?" my brother and I broke out in the same breath, no longer able to suppress our excitement."

"Wait a moment until I get to that point," said my father. "How Harold escaped with his life has always re-

"But I promised you another story," father continued. "Do you care to hear it?"

Both of us nodded our assent, for you see, we could not control our emotions enough to speak."

"Harold figures prominently in this incident too. My father had said to him: 'Brave I want you to be always in case of real need, but, racing with an express train is unnecessary and, therefore foolhardy,' and Harold had grasped the 'distinction,' said father, smiling."

"More than a year had passed, but Harold's lesson had not gone from his memory. I shall never forget the day

of his second exploit, for I had some part in it myself. Mother, my little sister Mabel, Harold and I had driven in the family carriage to a very hilly region about ten miles from our home. In fact, the hills were almost as high as mountains."

"On our way home in the afternoon we were driving down a dangerous road that wound along the side of a high, steep hill. In most places the road was too narrow for vehicles to pass. Above us rose the steep, wooded acclivities, while below us the descent was so nearly perpendicular in places that it made our heads dizzy to look down. But we were not afraid, for our old family horse, Tom, was perfectly trustworthy. Suddenly we were startled by the loud clatter of horses' feet and the rattle of a vehicle in our rear. Harold, who was driving, leaned out to one side and looked back, his face growing pale as he did so."

"It's a runaway team in a big wagon!" he shouted. "And it's coming this way!"

"I glanced back and saw two panic-stricken horses rushing down the road toward us at full speed, the wagon jumping and swaying from side to side, with no person anywhere to be seen on the seat or in the box. The horses were still a number of rods in our rear, as the road fortunately was not so meandering at that point as in many other places. I knew that we were doomed if the team, with the heavy wagon, should rush down upon us. There would be no escape. The road was very narrow. We should all be crushed to death or hurled down the terrible declivity at our right. I felt paralyzed, and a kind of stupor came over me. My mother and sister were too terrified even to shriek. But I was awakened from my stupor by Harold's strong, commanding voice:

"Hold the lines, Chester," he said to me. "I'll do what I can to save all of you."

He grasped the carriage whip, sprang over the wheel to the ground and then ran back toward the runaway horses, which by this time had come much nearer. I had all I could do to manage Tom, but mother turned, her pulse almost ceasing to beat, and watched her brave boy, who was so unselfishly taking his life in his own hands to save us from a terrible death."

"She said that he never paused or faltered, but ran straight on toward the team, brandishing his whip before them and shouting at the top of his voice, to turn them from the road. But they seemed to be blind with panic, for they continued their headlong pace in spite of all Harold's efforts. They were almost upon him now, and mother expected every moment to see him crushed beneath their feet."

"However, just in the nick of time, he sprang nimbly toward the upper side of the road, and then with his whip struck the horses over the faces with all his might. Harold's sturdy action caused the team to veer a few feet toward the right. The next moment they went scrambling along the edge of the narrow road, and then plunged, with the heavy wagon, down the steep, rocky declivity, the rear wheels coming within a few feet of our carriage. It was a terrible scene. I never wish to see another like it."

"But what happened to Uncle Harold?" I asked, my interest being chiefly centered on him.

"Mother saw him struck down by the side of the road, and before I could stop Tom, she had leaped from the carriage, and was running back to the place where the brave boy lay."

"Was he badly hurt?"

"He was hurt, but not seriously. In a few minutes he came limping down the hill, with mother's help. The hind wheel of the wagon, as it swung around, had struck him, or, rather, only grazed him, making a somewhat severe bruise on his hip, from which he suffered no painful consequences after it was healed."

"Before we could get started again, several men came running down the road, and when they heard the story of Harold's brave, unselfish deed, they called him the 'greatest hero in the state.' Even the man whose team lay dead among the trees and rocks on the declivity below, had tears in his eyes when he grasped my brother's hands."

"When we reached home and described our adventure, dwelling chiefly on our hero's part in it, my father pressed Harold to his bosom."

"That was an act of real heroism, my dear boy," he said, with deep emotion. "You shall now have another horse just as good as Regal was, to ride to school. And that's the second story," my father ended."

"Hurrah for Uncle Harold!" I shouted, flinging my cap in the air; and my brother followed my example."

"And now, boys," asked my father, earnestly, "which are you going to be hereafter, 'brave or foolhardy?'"

"Brave," both of us replied, unhesitatingly."

"You see the distinction now, do you?" he said, with a meaning smile."

LEANDER S. KEYSER.

Not Necessary.

Lowlyot—How often do you prune your vines?"

Cityman (who has just moved to the suburbs)—Never; we buy all our prunings at the grocer's.—Roxbury Gazette.

—The name Agag, mentioned in Jewish history as that of an Amalekite king, was used in common by all sovereigns of that country.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

—Critic—"Where did you get the idea for that picture?" Painter—"Out of my head." Critic—"You must be glad that it is out."—Flegende Blaetter.

—Verification.—She—"Are you sure that it was a year ago to-day that I became engaged, dear?" He—"Yes. I looked it up in my check book this morning."—Life.

—John, the baby has swallowed one of your pearl studs." "Well, for goodness' sake, send for the doctor right away. I've got to wear that stud to-night."—Harlem Life.

—She—"Once you vowed that I was the sunshine of your life. Now you stay out night after night." He—"Er—why—I don't expect sunshine after dark."—Indianapolis Journal.

—He (angrily)—"Was there any fog sweet on you before I married you?" She—"Yes; one." "I'm sorry you rejected him." "But I didn't reject him; I married him."—Youkers Statesman.

—I don't care how much you talk," said Mrs. Tiff, in the course of a joint debate with her husband, "for I am determined to have the last word." "I am perfectly willing for you to have the last word," replied Mr. Tiff. "All I ask is that you have it soon."—Harper's Bazar.

—Three-year-old Ethel had been punished by her mamma for some slight delinquency by having her little fingers mildly slapped. After the resultant tears had been dried Ethel put her ear to her doll's lips, as though listening to something the doll had to say, and then said, in a rebuking tone: "No, dolly, you must not say that mamma is naughty for punishing me."—Harper's Bazar.

HIGHWAY SKATING.

A New Autumn Outdoor Sport for Everybody.

Road skating is an outdoor sport which for women at least promises to become as established a custom as bicycling. Let no one confound this new sport with rinking on four rollers or flying on steel runners; yet it is a compromise between the runner and roller skate, with some ideas borrowed from the bicycle. It is composed of a steel frame that clamps onto the foot, and is, this, directly under the heel and toe, are fastened a couple of large wooden steel wheels, with or without rubber tires, as your fancy pleases. Previous experience on ice blades or the four old wooden wheels helps one not at all in mastering locomotion on the road skates, first because to balance the foot on two instead of four rollers is no easy job, and then because one is lifted nearly two and a half inches from the floor. For these reasons the center of gravity for road skating must be sought with the aid of an attendant in a rink, and studied as carefully as for exercise on the ice. The effort for one thoroughly ignorant of the proper stride is almost painfully difficult, but it is as easy to learn as the bicycle, and quite as much fun when you discover how. Just as no cyclist is ever content to spend his leisure hours toiling round and round the biggest academy floor ever built, so, directly the eccentricities of these new skates are conquered, one is impelled to get out on the nearest asphalt or macadam highway with them. A nice roll-beaten earth road is quite as good a skating ground, and in the open air the true joy of this inappreciable means of locomotion is felt. Then you push out exactly as if skimming over ice, pick your path with care, and running at the rate of six or eight miles an hour, when the road and weather are propitious. To anyone who has once been on these high, easy wheels there is no need of extolling the advantages they offer for their exhilarating sensation and splendid exercise, but for women, and in the autumn weather, as it grows too cold for cycling, they hold out exceptional opportunities.

A bicycle skirt with bloomers and bicycle shoes, all answer the needs of road skating, while the upper half of the body can be dressed just as individual taste dictates. Those who are studying out the question of balance on these foot wheels use sometimes, instead of cycling skirts, any rather short easy walking dress and calf boots, which lace high, and have broad, comfortable soles. Weak-ankled women lace their shoes very close and use a supporting rod and can make a good time on their skates at any time during the summer on their bicycles.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Telephoning and the Ears.

A German newspaper asserts that about 30,000 of the inhabitants of Berlin hear considerably better with their left ear than with their right. This has been observed in continually increasing measure for 15 years. When the cause was sought for it appeared that those who are thus affected are frequent users of the telephone. The listening part of the instrument is generally held in the left hand and the left ear, while the right hand is often used in taking notes, etc. In cases observed the subjects heard the slightest sound through the telephone with their left ears, but could stand little or nothing if the instrument were put to their right ears. It is therefore concluded that the telephone has an appreciable stimulating effect on the auditory nerves, and the recommendation is made that the instrument be used alternately at the right and left ear.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

THE FARMING WORLD.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

How it Affects the Growth of Various Kinds of Vegetables.

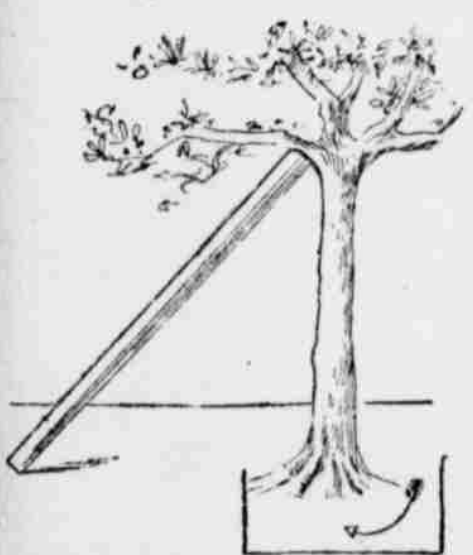
In consequence of the success which has attended the experimental culture of flowers and vegetables by electricity in America, some of the London horticulturalists, who desire to be first at the garden with their early salads—branch of industry which is exceedingly profitable—propose to install the electric light in their forcing houses. In the states the electric culture of plants for commercial purposes has now become a recognized industry. This fact is mainly owing to the careful compilation of data which has been made by Prof. L. H. Bailey, of Cornell University. Prof. Bailey shows that the effect of the light is marked even at a distance of 100 feet; that the electric light does not determine the periodicity of growth; that increase under the light occurs only during the first days; that growth takes place in daylight as well as in darkness. His experiments are summarized: The influence of the electric arc light upon greenhouse plants is greatly modified by the use of a clear glass globe, or the interposition of a glass roof. Plants which are much injured by a naked light may be benefited by a protected light. The light can be suspended even above the house with good effect. As a rule, plants are earlier under the electric light than when grown in ordinary conditions. Lettuce is greatly forced and improved by the electric light. An average of five hours of light per night hastened maturity from a week to ten days, at the distance of from ten to twelve feet. Even at 40 feet in only diffused light, the effect was striking. The light appeared to injure young, newly transplanted plants. Radishes were also benefited by the light, but not much. To do them any good the light had to be hung outside the house. If placed inside, whether naked or protected by a globe it injured the radishes. Beet and spinach were apparently somewhat benefited by the light. Cauliflowers grew taller and made fewer and smaller heads and violets and daisies bloomed earlier in the greenhouse. This corroborates results obtained with other flowers in earlier experiments. The electric light does not appear to determine or modify the hours of growth of lettuce and some other plants which have been studied in this particular. Plants which are benefited simply grow more rapidly during the customary periods. These experiments have been extended over six years and the conclusions reached are worthy of careful attention as based on independent scientific investigation.

TREES BLOWN OVER.

Description of a Method by Which They Can Be Saved.

Many orchard trees have been blown over recently by high winds. Where the roots on one side are still intact, such trees can be easily saved. L. B. Rice, of St. Clair county, Mich., describes his method as follows:

Dig a large hole on the side on which the roots are broken, and some three or four feet deep. Extend this excavation



RAISING ORCHARD TREES.

under the body of the tree, so that when it is raised up it will settle about four inches lower than what it stood before. (See cut.) Then trim the tree thoroughly, not by cutting off large limbs, but reduce the leaf surface by cutting away small limbs and twigs, and by taking off the ends of the longer limbs. Then raise it into its place and set a fence post in the ground at an angle so that the tree will rest against the top of it; then fill in under the roots with sods and rich earth mixed with manure, so as to encourage strong root growth. In a few years your trees will be as good as before. Of course, this only applies to trees that have roots enough left intact to keep the tree from withering.—Ohio Farmer.

Home and Foreign Markets.

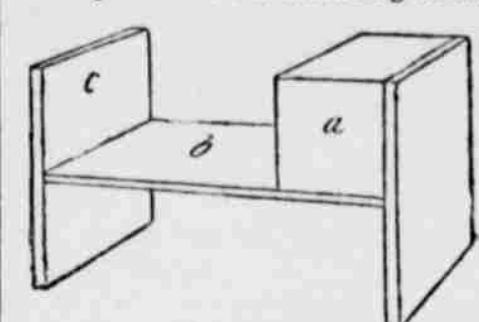
The marketing of dairy produce is a factor that should engage the earnest attention of every farmer. We hear a great deal about catching the foreign market, but our home market is of far greater importance. With a population constantly increasing, under normal conditions the demand for dairy products, will also increase. There is a danger that we will look at the foreign market so much that we will forget we have a home market. Whether the market be foreign or home, the butter or cheese must be made knowing to which it is going, for the same kind of product will not always do for both.—Farmers' Review.

GOOD MILKING STOOL.

Quickly Made of Board Six Inches Wide and One Inch Thick.

A good milk stool is needed by every milker. I don't like the one-legged kind, the milker furnishing the other two legs. I give a sketch of the stool we use. It is quickly and easily made of boards six to eight inches wide and one inch thick. The cut shows its construction fairly well; a is the seat, b the platform on which the pail is placed, and c forms both the front leg and a guard for the pail.

The board b is about 8x20 inches. Other pieces are cut according to the



GOOD MILK STOOL.

individual requirements of the milker as to height of the stool, width of the seat, etc. The seat a may be covered by stuffing a cushion, made from an old grain sack, with excelsior, hay, or even wool.

Sit down on the stool, after depositing it at the right side of the cow, and place the pail on the board b. This incloses the pail between each knee and the guard c, and thoroughly secures it from any danger of tipping over or the cow striking it with her feet. This plan also allows the easy holding of the pail between the knees, and actually rests the milker during the operation of milking, whether it be one or a dozen cows.

Adjust your stool and pail so that each stream of milk from the teats can be directed into the pail without undue exertion in reaching out with the arms or stooping over into an uncomfortable position. See that the udder and teats are clean. Brush them off thoroughly with dry hands before depositing the pail on the stool. The cow should be kept so clean in the stall that practically no filth can adhere to udder, teats or flank.—J. H. Brown, in Ohio Farmer.

PACKED IN PLASTER.

New Method of Shipping Butter Now in Use in Australia.

There seems to be no limit to the devising of means for the transportation of perishable produce to a distance. A new method is that of packing butter in a box made of six sheets of ordinary glass, all the edges being covered over with gum paper. The glass box is enveloped in a layer of plaster of paris a quarter of an inch thick, and this is covered with specially-prepared paper. The plaster, being a bad conductor of heat, the temperature inside the hermetically-sealed receptacle remains constant, being unaffected by external changes. Butter packed in this way at Melbourne has been sent across the sea to South Africa, and when the case was opened, 700 miles from Cape Town, the butter was found to be as sound as when it left the factory. Cases are now made to hold as much as two hundred-weight of butter, and 40 boys and girls are occupied in making the glass receptacles and covering them with plaster. The top, or lid, is put on by a simple mechanical arrangement and is removed by the purchaser equally easily. A saving of 25 per cent. on freight and packing, is claimed, in comparison with the cost of frozen butter carried in the usual way.

DAIRY SUGGESTIONS.

If the cow has a sore teat, milk very carefully and apply extract of witch hazel.

Labor is money. Use no useless labor—make no needless steps—in the dairy work.

The oleomargarine business is being curtailed materially, which is good news to the dairy.

The contented cow is the only profitable one. The best cow in the world will not do her best if discontented.

The first cold nights of fall have injured the milk yield of many a cow permanently until she has her next calf.

A cow that has not a bright eye is not a good dairy cow. A fool animal of any kind is not the best animal of its class.

Good corn fodder, good clover and good straw will make milk. The latter must be supplemented with grain, and the first two ought to be.

The application of dirty grease to a cow's sore teat or to the sore on any other animal has no sense back of it. Common grease is not healing. It is more apt to act as a blister.—Western Plowman.

Growing of Small Fruit.

One who is posted on the fruit industry says that in looking back two decades the strides in small fruit growing seem wonderful as well as phenomenal in many ways. Small fruits have added millions to the income of tillers of the soil, and stimulate the desire of the public for those cheap, healthful and refining luxuries which were scantily supplied by nature's bounties until within the past few years. The fringe only of the possibilities of small fruit growing has been reached.—Dakota Field and Farm.

Chinamen Buying Wives.

The Chinamen of Australia, when they take a notion to marry, write to a matrimonial agent in Hong Kong somewhat as follows: "I want a wife. She must be a maiden under 20 years of age, and must not have left her father's house. She must also have never read a book, and her eyelashes must be half an inch in length. Her teeth must be as sparkling as the pearls of Ceylon, her breath must be like unto the accents of the magnificent odoriferous groves of Java, and her attire must be from the silken weavers of Ku-la-Ching, which are on the banks of the greatest river in the world—the everflowing Yang-tse-Kiang." The price of a Chinese woman delivered in Sydney is \$190, but two Chinese women only cost \$260; therefore, the Chinese import the women in couples. The importer never sees the women before they arrive, and then he generally selects the best one. The other is shown around to a number of well-to-do Chinese, and after they have inspected her she is submitted to what may be called public auction.

Dance in Church.

There was a curious, and to many English people an incredible, sight to have been seen in Seville recently, viz., a dance in a church. Saturday was the feast of the assumption and one of the four days on which the dance is performed, the others being the first two days of the carnival and the feast of the purification. It is danced by eight small boys, and its measure is slow. That of the minuet.

PROF. B. WOULVIN, of Brussels, Belgium, now visiting Washington, holds the chair of applied electricity in the University of Ghent. He says that while Europe is much further advanced in the knowledge of the theory of electricity, in all applications of that wonderful power to commercial uses the United States is far in the lead.

Wiggins—"That man is either a desperate criminal or he lives in Brooklyn. How do you make that out?" Wiggins—"He's either in fear of a detective or a trolley car; I can't tell which."—Truth.

Not His Preference—"Well, Mr. Benedict," said the physician, "you scarcely expected triplets to begin with." "No, I didn't," replied the disconsolate man. "I prefer my family on the installment plan."—Lito.

SCIENTIFIC MAMMA—"Do not dance all the evening, dear. Remember that the dances of an average ball cover a total distance of nine miles." Practical Daughter—"Oh, but a girl is carried most of the way, mamma."—Tit-Bits.

MR. VAN BRAAM—"You are a republican in politics, I believe, Miss Bellefield?" Miss Bellefield—"Yes, Mr. Van Braam; that is true." "I am a democrat." "So I have understood." Miss Bellefield—"Nellie, dear, let's fuse."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

"I wonder what this author means when he says that Mrs. De Browne's eyes were riveted upon her husband?" said Mrs. Wilkes. "I don't know," said Mr. Wilkes, "unless he was jealous, and had them riveted on himself so that she couldn't glance at anybody else."—Harper's Bazar.

Mrs. Brown—"Men are such dreadful creatures! Does Mr. Black ever come home at night the worse for liquor?" Mrs. Black—"No, not as I know of. Stop! Yes, there was one night I thought he had been taking too much. That was the time he spoke of the man who had the egg that killed the golden goose."—Boston Transcript.

AN ENDORSEMENT.—Farmer Cornstess had made a visit to a penal institution and was telling his wife about it. "Mandy," he said, "I'm mighty glad of one thing, and that is that our boy Josiah plays football. I never think 'twas a little rough. But there ain't nothin' like outdoor exercise for givin' moral tone." "What put yer mind on to that?" "The trip I jes' took. I looked them convicts over, an' I could tell by their hair that there wasn't a single football-player in the ball lot."—Washington Star.



is the weapon with which she conquers her world. Almost every woman believes that she possesses at least some one attractive feature and strives to make the most of that. But mere regularity of feature is not the most attractive form of beauty.

Mankind is more influenced by the bright glowing vitality of perfect health. A classic cast of countenance will not make a woman attractive and captivating, if she is pale, thin, weak and nervous, or has a pimply complexion or unwholesome breath.

These complaints are due to imperfect nutrition. The digestive and blood-making organs fail to extract the needed nourishment from the food, and the liver is too sluggish to cleanse the blood of bilious impurities. The entire constitution becomes weak and poisoned.

The only perfect antidote for this state of things is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It gives power to the digestive and nutritive organs to make an abundance of pure, rich, highly vitalized blood, which permeates the whole system with the sweetness of purity; the beauty of womanly vigor and animation.

It creates solid, healthy flesh and natural color; clears the complexion; dispels wrinkles; rounds out the form and imbues the whole physique with the irresistible natural magnetism of perfect health.

Miss Julia Ellis, of Faith, McLean Co., Ky., writes: "After suffering for a long while with a lingering disease, I was advised to try Dr. Pierce's medicines. I took seven bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Favorite Prescription' and found relief. Life is now no longer a burden to me. I weigh 120 pounds. A year ago I weighed 90 pounds. I shall praise Dr. Pierce's medicines wherever I go. I feel better than ever before. My health was very much impaired, and I feel that I owe a great deal to your wonderful medicines. I truly believe they saved my life. I thank you for the advice which you so kindly gave me while taking your medicines."

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1899.

A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

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Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your own druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Booklet and sample mailed free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

"A HONEYMOON," says Brother Watkins, "am a little old little cell; but a honeymoon am often one big sell."—Philadelphia Record.

Get a Farm While Prices Are Low.

If you want a farm of your own now is the time to get one in Northern Wisconsin, along the line of the Lake Superior division of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway, where a sure crop can be raised each year, which can always be sold at good prices in the lumbering towns along the line of this railroad. Low prices; long time. Address C. E. Rollins, 161 La Salle Street, Chicago.

A GIRL'S idea of a pretty wedding dress is one that cannot possibly be of any use to a woman after she has married.—Aitchison Globe.

Just try a 10¢ box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

ALL busy people finally get so that they hate those who are lazy.—Aitchison Globe.

A THOUGHT THAT KILLED A MAN!

He thought that he could trifle with disease. He was run down in health, felt tired and worn out, complained of dizziness, biliousness, backaches and headaches. His liver and kidneys were out of order. He thought to get well by dosing himself with cheap remedies. And then came the ending. He fell a victim to Bright's disease! The money he ought to have invested in a safe, reliable remedy went for a tombstone.

Warrant Safe Cure

Is the only standard remedy in the world for kidney and liver complaints. It is the only remedy which physicians universally prescribe. It is the only remedy that is backed by the testimony of thousands whom it has relieved and cured.

THERE IS NOTHING ELSE THAT CAN TAKE ITS PLACE

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A. N. K.—E. 1630

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CURE CONSTIPATION

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ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the ideal laxative, either grip or cramp, but cause easy natural results. Sample and booklet free. Ad. STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York.

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER. : : : Editor.



HAZEL GREEN, KY.
THURSDAY, Dec. 10, 1896

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We are authorized to announce ASA E. PIERATT, of Ezel, as a candidate to represent the Legislative District of Morgan and Wolfe, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

LACONIC LIVE NEWS.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND's message, while a lengthy and well written document, was a disappointment to the people in that they expected him to recommend the recognition of Cuba as an independent nation.

MACAO seems to have the best of the Spanish army, and report has it though Weyler has 200,000 troops he can neither defeat, capture or kill the insurgent leader. Independence is a great incentive, and for this the Cubans will fight to the bitter end.

UNDER the head of announcements will be found the name of Asa B. Pieratt, of Ezel, Morgan county, who aspires to represent Morgan and Wolfe in the next legislature. Mr. Pieratt is a Democrat of the simon pure stripe, and stood shoulder to shoulder with the free silver boys of this section, who will not be likely to forget him when the strife comes. His announcement coming late permits us to say but little of him this week, but at another time we shall have something more.

James Thornton, a voodoo doctor, has died at Pittsburg of laughing. His laugh was infectious. Sometimes he would start to laugh, and it was only with great difficulty that he could stop. These spells weakened him. The other day he had a severe attack of laughter. When he reached home he went to bed, where he had another laugh. Then he fell asleep. Next morning he was found dead.

One day lately Hamilton Cox, of Brooklyn, went hunting near Eldred. His guides placed him back of a runway, and told him to keep his eyes well peeled if he wanted deer. He sat there till he was tired, and then moved back to the shelter of a bush. A deer leaped over Mr. Cox's bush, knocked the gun out of his hands and discharged it, all in the jump. The charge struck the deer amidships, and it fell dead within a few feet of the frightened hunter.

Nothing gives the writer more pleasure than to meet old friends and especially those old friend that hail from that country where the grass grows blue—and where the majestic hills climb to kiss the skies. Last night Mr. Carl Day, an old Kentucky boy, called around to the Breeze office to hunt up a fellow Kentuckian—and as he sat and talked of "Torrent" and Hazel Green and the dear old towns down in the blue grass, and reminded us of old friends and old scenes, fond and familiar. The heart of the writer wandered back across the intervening states, and lived again amid the waving blue grass in the

old Kentucky home. Mr. Day is a student at the A & M college. Call and see us often—"Colonel"—for we are glad to see you.—Lake City (Fla.) Breeze.

WOLFE COUNTY.

Gillmore Cleanings.

Elder J. D. Hunter, of Rowan county, is here holding a series of meetings, assisted by Bro. F. P. Wilson. Brother Hunter is a fluent talker, and what I would call a scientific, doctrinal preacher, holding forth the bible, that and nothing else, as the infallible word of God, through which the world can be saved. Brother Hunter is one of those hated and despised and much persecuted preachers of the church of the true and living God, and is not ashamed to stand up before the world and declare the whole council of God. We hope that much and lasting good may be done in this vicinity in the name of the Holy Child Jesus.

James M. Ely has bought the steam mill above here, known as the Lee City mill from A. J. Walters and Jack Wilson for \$650, and will move it to within two hundred yards of this place, which, if run properly and right, will be a great blessing to this community.

A. N. Haddix lost a good mare a few days since. This is two that he has lost in less than a month, having lost a good mule a short time since. David Vest also lost a fine three-year-old filly.

Charley Pratt was struck down suddenly last Saturday morning and is not expected to live, though he was still alive at this writing. Dr. Carroll is attending him.

Morton Graham has been confined to his bed for some time with fever, but is considered on the mend.

Bruce Nickell is very low with fever, but is thought to be improving at last accounts.

J. H. Vest is having some improvements made on his house.

Born, a few days since to the wife of A. N. Haddix, a girl.

Dec. 8. UNCLE REMUS.

Pine Hill Pickups.

The school closes at this place the 9th inst., with an entertainment. The term has been a prosperous one and much interest is manifested in education and general improvement. For the month ending November 8 the roll of honor for grade 1 was: Mida Rogers, 99; Maud Chester, 98; Mollie Bush, 95; Sallie Bowman, 92; Lucinda Rogers, 90; Nannie May, 90; Celia Bush, 87; Mattie Townsend, 87; Joe Meadows, 85; Jake Bush, 80. For grade 2: Martha Bush, 90; Mattie Adams, 88; Maumie May, 86. For grade 3: Mollie Smith, 92; Willie Adams, 91. The improvement in all the grades has been great and each one deserves credit for the progress made. No effort has been spared by the teacher to arouse an interest and to advance the cause of education.

An apple and a pear tree on the farm of Newt Townsend have twice borne fruit this year, the second crop of pears being almost matured.

A turkey hen belonging to Mrs. Jas. Bush has been laying ever since February last. She has reached the hundreds of eggs.

Miss Mattie Bush, of Mt. Rose, Fayette county, is visiting in this vicinity.

Another wedding is soon to take place in the Bush settlement.

Dec. 4. XYMA.

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla has over and over again proved by its cures, when all other preparations failed, that it is the One True BLOOD Purifier.

MORGAN COUNTY.

Jamboree From the Jams.

Miss Ida Oldfields was a visitor at the Jams last week.

Jim Linden, of Gillmore, passed through the Jams again last week.

Miss Mattie McGuire, of Ezel, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Lee T. Caskey, of the Jams.

Miss Rebecca Wilson entertained a few of her young friends last Thursday night, in honor of Willie Lockhart, of Ezel.

Harlan McClure and wife attended church at Salem, Sunday, and were the guests of Mrs. McClure's parents, Isom Long and wife.

Jim Fugate, who has been teaching at Goodwin's Chapel, closed his school Saturday with a grand entertainment. It was well attended from this section.

Willie Lockhart, of Ezel, closed his school at this place last Friday. During his stay among the people of this section he has made many friends, all of whom wish him God speed. There were three prizes awarded: Miss Emma Oldfield, first; Miss Ida Brewer, second, and Master Donson Bishop, third.

Dec. 7. DECEMBER.

Consolation Chat.

R. D. Motley is some better.

Alice Taylor has been very sick since last week.

Morton and Bonnie Cecil have been suffering with severe cold, but are some better.

Our school is nearing its close, much to the regret of many, but "time and tide wait for no man." Examinations are almost through. On Thursday evening there will be a final spelling battle, and on Friday will be the closing exercises.

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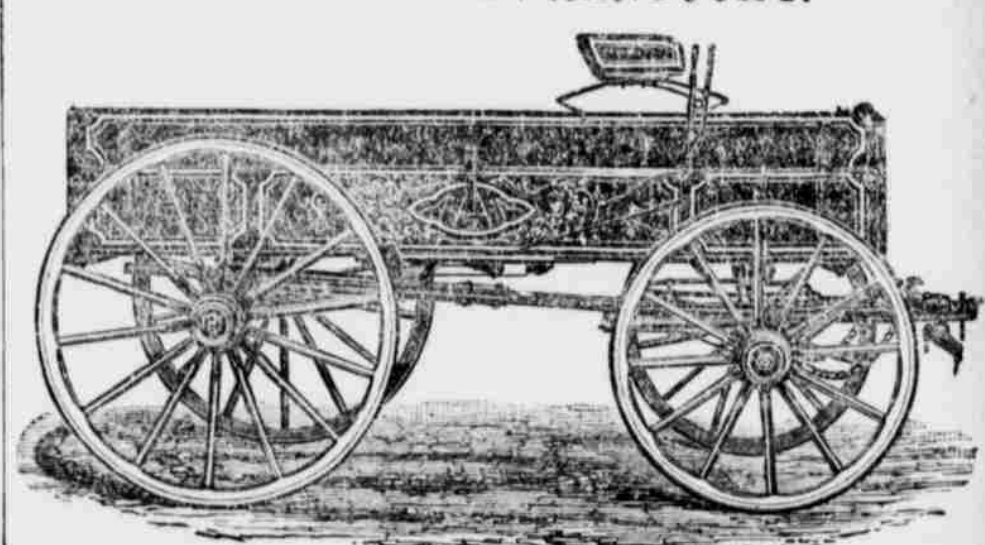
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THE HERALD.

Hazel Green Hearsays & Happenings.

H. C. Swango, of White Oak, was in town several days the past week.

Jim Tuggle, the well known commercial tourist, is a guest of the Day House.

Sickness and a rush of job work causes THE HERALD to be issued one day late.

W. T. Colvin, representing Trimble Bros., Mt. Sterling, was a guest at Mrs. Ellen Kash's over Sunday.

Miss Laura D. Rawlings, accompanied by Miss Minnie L. Day, will leave for Covington about Tuesday next.

There is such a prevalence of la grippe in this section that it is well nigh impossible to secure the attendance of a physician.

Dr. Taulbee reports the birth of a girl baby to the wife of Doc Stamper, of the Nickell fork of Grassy, on the 10th inst.

Our better- $\frac{1}{2}$ has been quite a sick woman for the week past, but under the careful treatment of Dr. Silas Kash is apparently improving rapidly.

We heard Wednesday of fat hogs selling at 24c per pound. It looks bad for the farmer, but the poor devil who has to buy pork hails it as an era long hoped for.

Willie L. Day and wife, who have been visiting relatives and friends at this place for a few days past, returned to their home at Spencer, Montgomery county, last Tuesday.

An efficacious remedy for lung affections, throat disorders and all bronchial troubles is found in Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey. This medicine has made many marvelous cures and is justly ranked among the most important remedies of the age.

The many friends of Uncle Jim Nickell, of Morgan, will regret to learn that he is temporarily demented. The hope, however, is entertained that he will soon be all right again. His son, Dr. Andy Nickell, we understand, is with him and giving him every attention.

One of the finest literary treats at which the editor of this paper has feasted in a long time was an impromptu affair at the Phoenix, in Lexington, recently, The Hon. Thos. Y. Fitzpatrick, "the tall sycamore of the Big Sandy," recited that unknown poem, "The Nun's Painting," and was followed by Barney Giltner with "Ed Marshall's Dream of Hell." It was steel to steel, and blade to blade, but in our humble opinion Big Sandy won.

"Mr. Tooper, where's Warren," was asked us a few days since by Tom, the 3-year-old precocious kid of H.F. Pieratt, and being informed that the subject of his inquiry was in Lexington, he propounded another one, "What's him doing?" "Nothing," was the reply, and in an instant he fired another, "Did him go down to play with the boys?" Receiving an answer in the affirmative he seemed contented and went on about his play. Apropos of this comes the query, "How is it that certain people have such smart children?"

The editor and his better- $\frac{1}{2}$ had tough luck while en route home from Mt. Sterling. At Rothwell the former had a very severe chill, which threatened to congestive, and detained us a day and a half. Following this both contracted la grippe and since our arrival each has been unable to assist the other. The "old man" is now convalescing, however, and hopes soon to be himself again. In the meantime Mrs. Cooper has been confined to her bed, but at this writing bids fair to speedy recovery. So mote it be.

What might have been a serious accident was averted by the coolness and presence of mind of Mr. Ernest Elkins. While coming down Pokeberry hill in a buggy with his bride last week, the horse became frightened and started to run. Mr. Elkins held on to the lines, and although the buggy was a total wreck, the only injury was a severe kick which Mr. Elkins received on the leg.

Mrs. Belle Godsey and Mrs. Lou Day will please accept the thanks of the editor and his better- $\frac{1}{2}$ for kindness and attention shown us during our illness of the past week. The former took charge of the house and cleaned up, and the latter proffered every assistance in her power. May the good Lord bless them both.

The protracted meeting at the Christian church is still in progress. Elder Donaldson is presenting the gospel in its purity and simplicity. His sermons are especially interesting, and are doing much good. There were accessions up to Wednesday. We shall give a full report of the meeting next week.

Academy Notes.

After the holidays Harvey grammars will not be used in the academy, and either Reed and Kellogg's Series of English, or some other equally good work, will be used. Harvey's works have filled their time and place quite well, but they must give place to something better. We realize the importance of a thorough study of English, and our course of study will always be toward securing that, hence the adoption of a better series of books in this line.

The daily program of recitations will be changed on January 4 and not on the 18th.

All boarders MUST LIVE at the Academy Home, unless permitted to live with relatives in town. Experience has proven this to be the best.

The principal will arrange to accommodate all boarders who may come. Terms, etc., as printed in catalog will be strictly adhered to.

The literary societies will give an open session entertainment on Thursday afternoon, 24th inst., to which all are invited.

ACADEMITE.

You owe this office on subscription and you must pay it. If you agreed to pay corn bring in your corn; if produce of any kind produce it. Printers, like all other mortals, must have something on which to subsist or they won't exist, and now is the time to whack up.

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THE HERALD has a very fine triple silver plate coffee pot which we will award to the first person bringing in 25 cash subscribers between now and the 24th of December. Old subscribers, paying up all arrears and one year in advance will be considered as new and entitled to a chance. This coffee pot will be a handsome Christmas present for any one and all who wish to enter the contest can apply at this office and get a list of subscribers at their respective postoffices so as to know who to approach. Now is the time, and if you want some "free silver" that will be a souvenir of the campaign just closed, go to work at once.

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THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN. : : : KY.

UNREASONABLE SPANISH PRIDE.

Blind Prejudice the Governing Force Among the Nation's Rulers.

Europe presents no spectacle more extraordinary than the contrast between the nerve of the Spanish people and their incapacity in action. For 18 months they have endeavored to conquer a revolted colony 4,000 miles away, and have in the effort used and consumed resources such as it was hardly believed outside of Spain that they could have called up even to resist invasion.

They have actually forwarded to Cuba 210,000 regular troops, sufficiently equipped, a force nearly three times as great as that with which this country met and quelled the Indian mutiny of 1857, and more than three times as great as the white garrison which holds the Indian empire. The army, sufficient, one would think, for a defensive war against France, accomplished nothing, but the Spanish statesmen lose neither heart nor hope. They are wholly uncheered by victory, they know that their soldiers die like flies, and they are told every week that the rich island is becoming a desert, that three-fourths of it is going out of cultivation, that the settlers are quitting in thousands, while those left behind are joining the insurgents, that the whole expenses of the island must be borne for years by Spain, and that every month increases the chance that the American republic, with its limitless resources for war, will intervene; and still, with a tenacity which Englishmen cannot but admire, they refuse to relax their hold. Be the results what they may, they will make no terms till the rebels have submitted unconditionally.

The fissure between parties in Spain is deeper than a political fissure ever was in this country, but upon this subject the parties are not quarrelsome, scarcely differing even as to means. Pitt was never firmer than Senor Canovas, and never better supported by a picked parliament, which nevertheless represents the dominant feeling of the country. If the conscripts die, the Spanish premier sends more conscripts. If the peasants or the city mobs object to their dispatch, both are silenced by an unhesitating appeal to the military law, which makes resistance to the conscription one of the most deadly of offenses. If the Philippines rise in insurrection, the premier offers to send an army there also, even an army of cavalry, if that will be the army must required. If the people of the United States utter or threaten interference, the premier ransacks the world for cruisers ready built, or builders who will build quickly, giving enormous prices, in two cases \$750,000 per ship, for the needed vessels. If the treasury is harassed, he sells everything that is available—monopolies to the Rothschilds, privileges to the railways, preferences to the dealers in bonds. He even ventures to leave the troops in the island unpaid, and for four months no soldier there has seen the color of coin, and has been fortunate if bread and garlic have been served with any regularity. The one thing which Senor Canovas will not do is to listen to proposals for compromise, the time for which, indeed, has now at length passed away.—London Spectator.

Unique Works of Art.

The fire loss at Guayaquil, the seaport of Ecuador, by its destruction of the principal church, has wiped out two of the most unique works of art in the whole of South America, if not in the world. There were a couple of large frescoes flanking the altar. On one was shown the Return of the Prodigal Son. The prodigal was attired in the tattered remnants of a full-dress suit of the days of the Regency, gift-buttoned dress-coat, black satin breeches, silk stockings, frilled shirt and chaparral Bolivar. He was being welcomed by his father in like array, and by his mother and sisters in short-waisted, short-skirted gowns of embroidered muslin and sandaled slippers, to a mansion richly furnished in empire style. The subject on the opposite side was the Sacrifice of Isaac, who was garbed as a medieval page, while Abraham, in a furred gown and plumed hat, was preparing to take his life, not with a sacrificial knife, but with a gigantic blunderbuss, a genuine trabuco. It is to be hoped that photography has preserved the memory of these matchless art treasures, which notwithstanding their eccentricity, were by no means badly drawn, though somewhat crudely colored.—Buffalo Commercial.

A Spectral Boatman.

There is a shivery, shivery legend among the people who live along the Hudson river which is to the effect that that stream is the everlasting boating waters of a specter who is personified as Ramhouth Van Dam. Away back in colonial times Ramhouth and his friends were drinking until late at night. Finally this man Ramhouth started for home, some distance up the river, in his boat, swearing that he would row the distance if it took a "month of Sundays." Ramhouth never reached home, and the superstitious people say that he has been condemned to row till judgment day.—Chicago Chronicle

AU REVOIR.

I cannot leave a place so dear,
Without the tribute of a tear,
And so behold it falling here,
A-trickling, info rhyme.

How shall I live beyond the breeze,
All perfumed from the apple-trees,
Dispensing e'er a sense of ease,
Unknown to urban clime?

Oh, I shall miss the fields and hills,
The ever-piping merry rills,
Whereon at eve the moon distills
A shimmering beary light.

The alluring woods, the leafy lanes,
The glen where many a bird complains,
The purple gloom, where twilight reigns
From dawn to falling night.

'Tis passing from a spot like this
To regions of far lesser bliss,
That makes the world just what it is,
A place of smile and tear.

But rainbows come, the poets say,
From smiles and tears along our way,
So smile on this poor tear to-day,
Mayhap the bow'll appear.

Then let us take the symbol sweet,
A promise again to meet,
With life just so much more complete
For this dear time together.

And memory will keep it true,
Fields, hills and vale—and rainbow too—
'Twill be a picture good to view
In days of stormy weather
—Sarah Stirling McEnery, in Harper's Bazar.

A MUSICAL GENIUS.

He was sitting in his office chair calmly, lazily, independently gazing into the clouds of smoke that emanated from the fragrant Havana he dexterously poised between the first and second fingers of his right hand; his feet were resting on the desk before him. He suddenly made a movement, not of his whole body by any means, but his left arm. He reached out to push an electric button and in an instant a boy answered the summons. "Jim, skate over to the post office and get the mail, get the mail, I say!" The boy answered: "Yes, sir," and then was gone.

No, the man with his feet on the desk, was not a railroad magnate nor any other clipper of coupons—he was a common, everyday editor of a daily newspaper in a small city, that is, editor of the local department. It was not because his salary was \$10.50 per week that he was given authority to order the printer's "devil" around, but simply because that individual was at his command twice every day—when he wanted the mail—and then he exercised his rights.

It was not long until Jim returned with an armful of mail—all exchanges except a postal card and there were but a few words on that. It was addressed to the local editor and said: "Big thing in this. Come immediately." It was signed, "A friend, 417 Madison avenue." A big news item was just what he was looking for. The entire local staff, which consisted of himself, had not been very busy throughout the day and a big item would be acceptable. In two hours the paper would go to press and he could cover a monster story in that time.

The city editor's name was Jones, Wilbur Jones, and he at once set out for 417 Madison avenue. As he trudged along he again read the card and this time he observed that the writing was from the hand of a woman; and he also saw a stain on one corner of the card—undoubtedly a tear drop, said Wilbur Jones. And as Wilbur lessened the distance between himself and his destination his imagination brought before his eyes the sad cry of a weeping woman—possibly her husband had abandoned her; maybe it was only a family row, or, who could tell, the story of a kidnapped young woman—a beautiful, attractive young woman. The more Wilbur thought the faster he walked and the faster he walked the more he thought, until at last his mind was a seething mass of possibilities and conjectures.

Here was a house numbered 417, so the place he was looking for could not be far off. As he moved down the street, closely scanning each number, a sign in a residence a few doors ahead of him attracted his attention. It read: "Music lessons by Miss Hoyt." When he arrived in front of the place he saw it was "417," the very house to which he had been summoned. After he had rung the door-bell and was awaiting an answer he suspected his surroundings. The house was a pleasant one and to him it appeared as though it might be the home of a family in good circumstances; then his eyes lighted on the sign and the idea was dispelled for a moment; then he considered it possible and probable that Miss Hoyt was a "lovely daughter who no doubt was giving lessons to show her independence and 'new woman' qualifications." While these thoughts were chasing themselves through his mind, one after another, the door was opened, and sure enough, there stood a really handsome young lady. He did not gain a good look at her on account of the reception-room being rather dark, but from the view he did obtain he knew she was far beyond average beauty. He stammered: "Miss—Miss," when he was interrupted by "Miss Hoyt; at your services, sir. Won't you come in?" The speaker's voice was low, and rather monotonous. The young newspaper man was shown to the sitting or more properly speaking, music-room, and in his little tour through the house he noticed that it was finely appointed and furnished—surely a magnificent home for a teacher of music, unless the work

was followed to gratify a mere whim, as he before thought.

When Wilbur had been seated the young woman drew a chair up close to him and they talked on the most ordinary topics. He felt that it was time for him to go and he ventured to ask her the object of having him call. Then he was astonished at the sudden change in her demeanor.

Heretofore she had acted extremely dignified and quiet, but she now began an excited and disconnected harangue on music and musicians. From what he could make out of her talk, into which she had injected much gesturing, she attempted to explain to him that she was a goddess of music; that that mythological personage had been regenerated in herself and that she was now the personification and true representative of musical genius. She told him that he would not have to take her word as a verification of her statements, but she would show him by actual practice that she—Miss Hoyt—was not in reality a common inhabitant of this mundane sphere but was a music-angel in human guise. She said she had invited him there so that his paper would be the first to give to the world the announcement of the appearance of an old-time master in new form; and then to Wilbur Jones' astonishment, consternation and displacement of his faculties she began an exhibition of her ability and powers on a near-by piano. How Miss Hoyt did bang that instrument! For ten long minutes she did everything but dance on the keys and when she had finished the rendition of nothing but discordant, inharmonious sounds, she asked him if he did not think it "divine."

Wilbur got a full view of his lostest eyes and in an undertone he said: "Crazy, by jingo."

He nervously glanced at his watch and remembering the old-time theory that it was best to humor an insane person, he told her that without a doubt her playing would revolutionize the music world. He asked to be excused and started for the door, but she suddenly darted in front of him and insisted that he stay. He demurred but she would not listen to his protestations and even before he knew it she had half-pushed and half-carried him to a chair. Now her eyes were aglow with an angry light and her actions became demoniacal; once more she became quiet and he imagined she was debating in her unbalanced mind the method she should use to kill him. The silence was unbroken, except for his hard breathing; then she picked up a chair and walked toward him. He thought his day had come for he felt that she was about to brain him with the piece of furniture in her hand. Should he call for help or would he fight? He determined upon the latter and braced himself for the onslaught. He felt her ice-cold breath on his face and was waiting for her to uplift the chair, when she remarked, in a quiet tone of voice: "Won't you play a duet with me?" Oh! But the relief to Wilbur Jones. He did not know one key from another, but he quickly entered into the spirit of the occasion. The chair Miss Hoyt had carried in her hand was placed beside the piano bench and he sat there and played—truly played as he never had played before in his life. It seemed to be a contest to determine which of the two would make the most noise and when right in the midst of a spasmodical rhapsody he heard a woman's voice sharply call: "Rose!" In an instant the girl beside him was a eringing, fearful creature. The woman led her from the room and immediately returned alone. Wilbur Jones gave an explanation of his experience and then the other side of the affair was made clear.

The latest arrival was Miss Hoyt and she was the teacher of music. The young girl who had so entertained him was a neighbor's daughter and was mentally afflicted and her weakness had been so plainly and terribly demonstrated to Wilbur. She said the girl had frequently masqueraded as herself, but she could not understand her writing the postal and the cunning manner in which the plans were promulgated and carried out. On every possible occasion she would repair to the Hoyt residence and entertain herself at the piano. Miss Hoyt said she suspected nothing unusual until she heard the "duet;" she also told Mr. Jones that the girl was entirely harmless.

Wilbur did not stop to make further inquiries and at once left for his place of business. It is needless to add that the paper did not contain a line about his experience.

However, after that he was a frequent visitor at the residence of Miss Hoyt and now he stops there regularly. This is accounted for by an item in the paper which was as follows:

"At 417 Madison avenue last night there was a most fashionable gathering to witness the marriage of Mr. Wilbur Jones, the versatile newspaper man, and Miss Hoyt, the popular musician." * * * —O. K. Schimansky, in Sandusky Budget.

—The earl's crown is a velvet cap with border of ermine and golden circlet; its eight points bear pearls rising somewhat above the cap, and there are eight strawberry leaves between the points.

—The ovation crown, in Rome, was made of myrtle. An ovation was a lesser species of triumph.

TIP HATS TO THE FLAG.

A Novel Ceremony Ordered to Be Adopted by the Army.

Army officers are not lacking in patriotism, perhaps, but they sometimes show a disposition to resist manifestations of the sentiment which would have a wholesome effect if shown with a fair degree of earnestness. Secretary of War Lamont is not an emotional person, as any of his acquaintances will testify. But he has some ideas about the service which highly emotional men and women will share. One of these has become a rule of the army.

For ever so long, perhaps for as long as there has been an army, it has been customary to fire a cannon at sunrise, at all army posts, have the flag run up by a sergeant, and at night have it lowered again by a soldier, and all was officially done for the flag of the United States that was considered desirable to maintain regard for the national symbol. In the navy, on the contrary, "colors" has been and is a ceremony reminding those on board ship of the fact that the flag is a thing to be treated with distinguished respect when it is raised and lowered. At eight bells in the morning, on board every ship in commission, "colors" summons officers and a marine guard, and the band, if there is one, to the quarter deck, and the flag is run up to the sound of a bar of "The Star-Spangled Banner," the officers standing at salute until the colors are in place. At sunset the ceremony is repeated, when the colors are lowered. It is a brief, but very pretty, and to the stranger to it an impressive proceeding.

Secretary Lamont thought that there was no good reason why the same ceremony could not be adopted, with certain modifications, for the army, which is as much in need of being reminded of the regard due to the flag as is the navy. Oddly enough, the proposition met with objections from officers of the army, but they did not strike the secretary as convincing. At all events, instead of permitting the flag to be sent aloft every morning with the mere salute of the morning gun, which is touched off by a soldier without company except a comrade or two, it is now the order that where there is a supply of music sufficient to produce "The Star-Spangled Banner," the band shall turn out to play a bar of it while the flag is being run up to the top of the staff, and while it is on its way the guard and the officers who have turned out to see that the ceremony is properly performed shall stand at salute. As on board ship, the band is to render the like service at sunset when the evening gun is fired and the colors are lowered.—Washington Cor. N. Y. Times.

THE MARATHON RACE.

The Wild Excitement of the Greeks When Their Countrymen Won It.

The Greeks are novices in the matter of athletic sports, and had not looked for much success for their own country. One event only seemed likely to be theirs from its very nature—the long-distance run from Marathon, a prize for which has been newly founded by M. Michel Breal, a member of the French institute, in commemoration of that soldier of antiquity who ran all the way to Athens to tell his fellow-citizens of the happy issue of the battle. The distance from Marathon to Athens is 42 kilometers. The road is rough and stony. The Greeks had trained for this run for a year past. Even in the remote districts of Thessaly young peasants prepared to enter as contestants. In three cases it is said that the enthusiasm and the experience of these young fellows cost them their lives, so exaggerated were their preparatory efforts. As the great day approached, women offered up prayers and votive tapers in the churches, that the victor might be a Greek.

The wish was fulfilled. A young peasant named Loues, from the village of Marousi, was the winner in two hours and fifty-five minutes. He reached the goal fresh and in fine form. He was followed by two other Greeks. The excellent Australian sprinter Flack, and the Frenchman Lermusiaux, who had been in the lead the first 35 kilometers, had fallen out by the way. When Loues came into the Stadion, the crowd, which numbered 60,000 persons, rose to its feet like one man, swayed by extraordinary excitement. The king of Servia, who was present, will probably not forget the sight he saw that day. A flight of white pigeons was let loose, women waved fans and handkerchiefs, and some of the spectators who were nearest to Loues left their seats and tried to reach him and carry him in triumph. He would have been suffocated if the crown prince and Prince George had not bodily led him away. A lady who stood next to me unfurled her watch, a gold one set with pearls and sent it to him; an innkeeper presented to him an order good for 365 free meals; and a wealthy citizen had to be dissuaded from signing a check for 10,000 francs to his credit. Loues himself, however, when he was told of this generous offer, refused it. The sense of honor, which is very strong in the Greek peasant, thus saved the non-professional spirit from a great danger.—Baron Pierre de Coubertin, in Century.

A Perfect Gentleman.

Tommy—Paw, can a man be a perfect gentleman and refuse to pay his debts? Mr. Figg—Not his poker debts.—Indianapolis Journal.

Use

The experience of those who have been cured of scrofula, catarrh, rheumatism, by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and obtain like benefit yourself.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills do not purge, pain or gripe. All druggists sell.

THE Hamburger Nachrichten, Prince Bismarck's organ, having stated that a secret treaty existed up to 1890 between Germany and Russia, assuring the neutrality of the latter in the event of war with France, there is quite a commotion in all three countries over the disclosure. French journals are indignantly demanding explanations, and the German government is reported as threatening to prosecute the newspaper and Bismarck for disclosing state secrets.

Personally Conducted Excursions to California

Via the Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line leave Chicago every Thursday. Comfortable Tourist Sleeping Cars, low rates, quickest time and the best of care and attention, are advantages secured by those who join these excursions. For full particulars apply to your nearest ticket agent, or address W. B. KNISKERN, G. P. & T. A., Chicago & North-Western R'y, Chicago, Ill.

"Folks dat is allus lookin' for trouble," said Uncle Eben, "hab jes' one ting ter brag about. Dey doan' habbly ebber git disappointed."—Washington Star.

The Faults and Follies of the Age

Are numerous, but of the latter none is more ridiculous than the promiscuous and random use of laxative pills and other drastic cathartics. These wrench, convulse and weaken both the stomach and the bowels. If Hostetter's Stomach Bitters be used instead of these no-medicines, the result is accomplished without pain and with great benefit to the bowels, the stomach and the liver. Use this remedy when constipation is manifested, and thereby prevent it from becoming chronic.

WAITER—"How will you have your steak, sir?" PATRON—"I don't care how you cook it, but I'd like it this week."—London Figaro.

Tourist Sleeping Cars to California Daily.

Every day in the year Tourist Sleeping Cars are run through from Chicago to California via the Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western, Union Pacific and Southern Pacific R'ys). Only \$9.00 for completely equipped double berth from Chicago to the Pacific Coast. For tickets and full information apply to agents of connecting lines, or address W. B. KNISKERN, G. P. & T. A., Chicago & North-Western R'y, Chicago.

HOME is dearer to a woman than a man because to her it is a place where she can sit around without her corset on.—Acheson Globe.

WHEN bilious or constive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c, 25c.

It is said that red noses run in families, the same as quick temper, or consumption, —Acheson Globe.

I BELIEVE Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my boy's life last summer.—Miss ALICE DOUGLASS, LeRoy, Mich., Oct. 30, '94.

PEOPLE who eat the most, usually think the least.—Acheson Globe.

CASCARETS stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe.

How TIME flies from the date on which a man distinguishes himself!



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CHIEF WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in all cases. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION.

MEN'S SOULS.

The Emotion that Stirs Some Breasts to Rescue Them.

Theologians, Willing to Die for the Glory of God, Not More Zealous Than the Missionaries at Home and Abroad—Sermon by Rev. Dr. Talmage.

Dr. Talmage's text Sunday was Rom. ix. iii. "I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh."

A tough passage, indeed, for those who take Paul literally. When some of the old theologians declared that they were willing to be damned for the glory of God, they said what no one believed. Paul did not in the text mean he was willing to die forever to save his relatives. He used hyperbole, and when he declared, "I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh," he meant in the most vehement of all possible ways to declare his anxiety for the salvation of his relatives and friends. It was a passion for souls. Not more than one Christian out of thousands of Christians feels it. All-absorbing desire for the betterment of the physical and mental condition is very common. It would take more of a mathematician than I ever can be to calculate how many are, up to an anxiety that sometimes will not let them sleep nights, planning for the efficiency of hospitals where the sick and wounded of body are treated, and for eye and ear infirmities and for dispensaries and retreats where the poorest may have most skillful surgery and helpful treatment. Oh! it is beautiful and glorious, this widespread and ever intensifying movement to alleviate and cure physical misfortunes. May God encourage and help the thousands of splendid men and women engaged in that work. But all that is outside of my subject to-day. In behalf of the immortality of a man, the inner eye, the inner ear, the inner capacity for gladness or distress, how few feel anything like the overwhelming concentration expressed in my text. Rarer than four-leaved clovers, rarer than century plants, rarer than prima donnas, have been those of whom it may be said, "They had a passion for souls." You could count on the fingers and thumb of your left hand all the names of those you can recall, who in the last, the eighteenth century, were so characterized. All the names of those you could recall in our times as having this passion for souls you can count on the fingers and thumbs of your right and left hands. There are many more such consecrated souls, but they are scattered so widely you do not know them. Thoroughly Christian people by the hundreds of millions there are to-day, but how few people do you know who are utterly oblivious to everything in this world except the redemption of souls? Paul had it when he wrote my text, and the time will come when the majority of Christians will have it, if this world is ever to be lifted out of the slough in which it has been floundering for near 19 centuries. And the betterment had better begin with myself and myself. When a committee of the "Society of Friends" called upon a member to reprimand him for breaking some small rule of the society, the member replied: "I had a dream in which all the Friends had assembled to plan some way to have our meeting-house cleaned, for it was very filthy. Many propositions were made, but no conclusion was reached until one of the members rose and said: 'Friends, I think if each one would take a broom and sweep immediately around his own seat, the meeting-house would be clean.'" So let the work of spiritual improvement begin around our own soul. Some one whispers up from the right hand side of the pulpit and says: "Will you please name some one of the persons in our times who have this passion for souls?" Oh, no! That would be invidious and imprudent, and the mere mentioning of names of such persons, might cause in them spiritual pride, and then the Lord would have no more use for them. Some one whispers up from the left hand side of the pulpit: "Will you not then mention among the people of the past some who had this passion for souls?" Oh, yes! Samuel Rutherford, the Scotchman of 300 years ago, his imprisonment at Aberdeen for his religious zeal, and the public burning of his book, "Lex Rex," in Edinburgh, and his unjust arraignment for high treason, and other persecutions purifying and sanctifying him, so that his works, entitled "Trial and Triumph of Faith" and "Christ Dying and Drawing Sinners to Himself," and, above all, his 215 unparalleled letters, showed that he had the passions for souls. Richard Baxter, whose "Paraphrase of the New Testament" caused him to be dragged before Lord Jeffries, who howled at him as "a rascal" and a "sniveling Presbyterian," and imprisoned him for two years—Baxter, writing 168 religious books, his "Call to the Unconverted" bringing uncounted thousands into the pardon of the Gospel, and his "Saints' Everlasting Rest" opening Heaven to a host innumerable. Richard Cecil. Thomas-a-Kempis, writing his "Imitation of Christ" for all ages. Harlan Page. Robert McCheyne. Nettleton. Finney. And more whom I might mention, the characteristic of whose lives was an overpowering passion for souls.

A. B. Earl, the Baptist evangelist, had it. I. N. Inskip, the Methodist evangelist, had it. Jacob Knapp, had it. Dr. Baehus, president of Hamilton college, had it, and when told he had only half an hour to live, said: "Is that so? Then take me out of my bed and place me upon my knees, and let me spend that time in calling on God for the salvation of the world." And so he died upon his knees. Then there have been others whose names have been known only in their own family or neighborhood, and here and there you think of one. What union they had in prayer! What power they had in exhortation! If they walked into a home every member of it felt a holy thrill, and if they walked into a prayer meeting the dullness and stolidity instantly vanished. One of them would sometimes electrify a whole city.

But the most wonderful one of that characterization the world ever saw or heard of felt was a peasant in the far east, wearing a plain blouse like an inverted wheat sack, with three openings, one for the neck and the other two for the arms. His father, a wheel-right and house-builder, and given to various carpentry. His mother at first under suspicion, because of the circumstances of his nativity, and he chased by a Herodian mania out of his native land, to live awhile under the shadows of the Sphinx and Pyramid of Gizeh, afterward confounding the L.L.D.'s of Jerusalem. Then stopping the paroxysm of tempest and of madman. His path strewn with slain dropies and cataplasms and ophthalmias, transfigured on one mountain, preaching on another mountain, dying on another mountain and ascending from another mountain—the greatest, the loveliest, the mightiest, the kindest, the most self-sacrificing, most beautiful Being whose feet ever touched the earth. Tell us, ye deserts, who heard our Saviour's prayer; tell us, ye seas that drenched him with your serf; tell us, ye multitudes who heard him preach on deck, on beach, on hillside; tell us, Golgotha who heard the stroke of the hammer on the spikeheads, and the dying groan in that midnight that dropped on midnoon, did anyone like Jesus have this passion for souls?

But breaking right in upon me is the question, How can we get something of this Pauline and Christly longing for saved immortalities? I answer: By better appreciating the prolongation of the soul's existence compared with everything physical and material. How I hope that surgeon will successfully remove the cataract from that man's eye! It is such a sad thing to be blind. Let us pray while the doctor is busy with the delicate operation. But for how long a time will he be able to give his patient eyesight? Well, if the patient be 40 years of age, he will add to his happiness perhaps fifty years of eyesight, and that will bring the man to 90 years, and it is not probable that he will live longer than that, or that he will live so long. But what is good eyesight for 50 years more as compared with clear vision for the soul a billion of centuries? I hope the effort to drive back the typhoid fever from yonder home will be successful. God help the doctors! We will wait in great anxiety until the fires of that fever are extinguished, and when the man rises from his pillow and walks out, with what heartiness we will welcome him into the fresh air and the church and business circles. He is 30 years of age, and if he shall live 60 years more that will make him 90. But what are 60 years more of earthly vigor compared with the soul's health for a quadrillion millenniums—a millennium, as you know, a thousand years? This world, since fitted up for man's residence, has existed about 6,000 years. How much longer will it exist? We will suppose it will last as much longer, which is very doubtful. That will make its existence 12,000 years. But what are or will be 12,000 years compared with the eternity preceding those years and the eternity following them? Time, as compared to eternity, like the drop of the night dew shaken from the top of a grass blade by the cow's hoof on its way across this morning, as compared with Mediterranean, and Arabian, and Atlantic, and Pacific watery dominions.

A stranger desired to purchase a farm, but the owner would not sell it—would only let it. The stranger hired it by lease for only one crop, but he sowed acorns, and to mature that crop three hundred years were necessary. That was a practiced deception, but I deceive you not when I tell you that the crop of the soul takes hold of unending ages.

I see the author of my text seated in the house of Galus, who entertained him at Corinth, not far from the overhanging fortress of Aero Corinthus, and meditating on the longevity of the soul, and getting more and more agitated about its value and the awful risk some of his kindred were running concerning it, and he writes this letter containing the text, which Chrysostom, admired so much he had it read to him twice a week, and among other things, he says those daring and startling words of my text: "I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen, according to the flesh."

Another way to get something of the Pauline longing for redeemed immortalities is by examining the vast machinery arranged to save this inner and spiritual nature. That machinery started to revolve on the edge of the

Garden of Eden, just after the cyclone of sin prostrated its sycamores, and tamarisks, and willows, and will not cease to revolve until the last soul of earth shall get rid of its last sin and enter the Heavenly Eden. On that stupendous machinery for soul-saving, the patriarch put his hand, and prophet his hand, and evangelist his hand, and apostle his hand, and Christ his hand, and almost every hand that touched it became a crushed hand. It was the most expensive machinery ever constructed. It cost more to start it, and has cost and will cost more to keep it running than all the wheels that ever made revolution on this planet. That machine—turned not by ordinary motive power, but by force of tears and blood. To connect its bands of influence, made out of human and Christly nerves, with all parts of the earth, millions of good men and women are now at work and will be at work until every wilderness shall become a garden, and every tear of grief shall be a tear of joy, and the sword of divine victory shall give the wound to the old dragon that shall send him howling to the pit, the iron gate clanging against him, never again to open.

All that, and infinitely more, to save the soul! Why, it must be a tremendous soul—tremendous for good or tremendous for evil; tremendous for happiness or tremendous for woe. Put on the left side of the largest sheet of paper that ever came from a paper mill a single unit, the figure 1, and how many ciphers would you have to add to the right of that figure to express the soul's value, each cipher adding tenfold? Working into that scheme of the soul's redemption, how many angels of God, descending and ascending! How many storms swooping on Lake Galilee? How many earthquakes opening dungeons and striking cataclysms through mountains; from top to base! What noonday sun was put on retreat! What Omnipotence lifted, and what Godhead was put to torture! All that for the soul! No wonder that Paul though possessing great equanimity of temperament, when he thought what his friends and kindred were risking concerning their souls, flung aside all his ordinary modes of speech, argument, and apt simile, and bold metaphor, and learned allusion, as unfit to express how he felt, and seizing upon the appalling hyperbole of my text, cries out: "I could wish myself accursed." That is, struck of the thunderbolts of the Omnipotent God, sunk to unfathomable depths, chained into servitude to Abaddon, and thrust into furnaces whose fires shall never burn out, if only those whom I love might now and forever be saved. Mind you, Paul does not say, "I do wish." He says, "I could wish." Even in the agony he felt for others, he did not lose his balance—"I could wish myself accursed." I could, but I do not. Only one thing that ever lived was literally willing to give up Heaven for perdition, and that was the Divine Peasant whom I mentioned a few moments ago. He was not willing to exchange dominions of bliss for dominions of wretchedness, but He did so; for that He forsook Heaven witness the stooping star and all those who saw His miracles of mercy, and that He actually entered the gates of the world of perpetual conflagration the Bible distinctly declares. He did not say, with Paul: "I could," but He said: "I will; I do," and for the souls of men He "descended into hell."

In this last half of the last decade of the nineteenth century the temperance in the churches is very low, and most of the piety would spoil if it were not kept on ice, and taking things as they are, ordinary Christians will never reach the point where the outcry of Paul in the text will not seem like extravaganzas. The proprietaries in most churches are so fixed that all a Christian is expected to do on Sunday is to get up a little later in the morning than usual, put on that which is next to best attire—not the very best, for that has to be reserved for the levee—enter the church with stately step, bow his head, or any rate shut his eyes in prayer time, or close them enough to look sleepy, turn toward the pulpit with holy dullness while the preacher speaks, put a five-cent piece on the collection platter, kind of shoving it down under the other coin so that it might be, for all the usher knows, a five-dollar gold piece, and then, after the benediction, go quietly home to the biggest repast of all the week. That is all the majority of Christians are doing for the rectification of this planet, and they will do that until, at the close of life, the pastor opens a black book at the head of their casket and reads: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; they rest from their labors and their works do follow them." The sense of the ludicrous is so thoroughly developed in me that when I hear these Scripture words read at the obsequies of one of the religious do-nothings in the churches it is too much for my gravity. "Their works do follow them." What works? And in what direction by they follow them—up or down? And do they follow on foot or on the wing? And how long will they follow before they catch up? More appropriate funeral text for all such religious dead-beats would be the words in Matthew xxv. viii: "Our lamps are gone out." One would think that such Christians would show at least under whose banner they are enlisted. In one of the Napoleonic wars, a woman, Jeannette by name, took her

position with the troops and shouldered a broomstick. The colonel said: "Jeannette, why do you take such a useless weapon into the ranks?" "Well," she said, "I can show at least which side I am on."

Now, the object of this sermon is to stir at least one-fourth of you to an ambition for that which my text presents in blazing vocabulary, namely, a passion for souls. To prove that it is possible to have much of that spirit, I bring the consecration of 2,990 foreign missionaries. It is usually estimated that there are at least 3,000 missionaries. I make a liberal allowance and admit there may be ten bad missionaries out of the 3,000, but I do not believe there is one. All English and American merchants leave Bombay, Calcutta, Amoy and Peking as soon as they make their fortunes. Why? Because no European or American in his senses would stay in that climate after monetary inducements have ceased. Now, the missionaries there are put down on the bare necessities and most of them do not lay up one dollar in 20 years. Why, then, do they stay in those lands of intolerable heat, and cobras, and raging fevers, the thermometer sometimes playing at 130 and 140 degrees of oppressiveness, 12,000 miles from home, because of the unhealthy climate and the prevailing immoralities of those regions compelled to send their children to England, or Scotland, or America, probably never to see them again? O Blessed Christ! Can it be anything but a passion for souls? It is easy to understand all this frequent depreciation of foreign missionaries when you know that they are all opposed to the opium traffic, and that interferes with commerce, and then the missionaries are moral, and that is an offense to many of the merchants—not all of them, but many of them—who, absent from all home restraint, are so immoral that we can make only faint allusion to the monstrosity of their abominations. Oh, I would like to be at the gate of Heaven when those missionaries go in, to see how they will have the pick of coronets, and thrones, and mansions on the best streets of Heaven. We who have had easy pulpits and loving congregations, entering Heaven, will, in my opinion, have to take our turn and wait for the Christian workers, who, amid physical sufferings and mental privation and environment of squalor, have done their work, and on the principle that in proportion as one has been self-sacrificing and suffering for Christ's sake on earth will be their celestial preferment.

Who is that young woman on the worst street in Washington, New York or London, Bible in hand, and a little package in which small vials of medicines, and another bundle in which are biscuits? How dare she risk herself among those "roughs," and where is she going? She is one of the queens of Heaven, hunting up the sick and hungry, and before night she will have read Christ's "Let not your heart be troubled" in eight or ten places, and counted out from those vials the right number of drops to ease pain, and given food to a family that would otherwise had nothing to eat today, and taken the measure of a dead child that she may prepare for it a shroud, her very act of kindness for the body accompanied with a benediction for the soul. You see nothing but the filthy street along which she walks, and the rickety stairs up which she climbs, but she is accompanied by an unseen cohort of angels with drawn swords to defend her, and with garlands twisted for her victories, all up and down the tenement-house districts.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

THE czar of Russia owns in fee simple 1,000,000 square miles of cultivated land, and has an income of more than \$2,000,000 a year, although, as he is a despot, he can command the resources of the whole nation.

ACCORDING to views recently explained before the Geological society in England, the island of Jamaica was once connected with both North and South America by a stretch of mountainous land covering the region of the West Indian archipelago. There are indications that this ancient land was elevated no less than two miles and a half above sea level.

AMONG the bizarre articles offered for sale recently at the Hotel Druot, Paris, was a child's heart immersed in a jar of spirits, and, although 97 years had passed since the organ was placed in its transparent receptacle, every portion of it, right and left auricle and ventricle, and even a portion of the aortic arch, was in a perfect state of preservation. It was catalogued as the heart of Louis XVII, duke of Normandy, and from the documentary evidence which accompanied it there was little doubt as to its authenticity.

THE Flor del Espiritu Santo, or Holy Ghost flower, found in the region of the Isthmus of Panama, has within its petals the perfect image of a dove. The leaves are very pale green, as though in harmony with the delicate purity of the blossom, which is of alabaster whiteness. In the center of the blossom is the perfect image of a dove. Right in the cup of the blossom, with the snow-white canopy about it, rests this wondrous image, its delicately molded wings drooping, half extended at its side, its gold-tinted head bent slightly forward, and its tiny, crimson-tipped bill almost touching its snowy breast.

NIGHT AIR.

It Contains Many Dangers to Human Health.

In summer, when the rays of the sun fall almost vertically upon the earth's surface, the gradual fall in the temperature at night comes as a welcome relief from the heat of the day.

During the rest of the year the sun's rays strike the earth more obliquely, and are sufficient to warm only a thin crust at the surface, which loses its heat rapidly after the sun has set, and the temperature of the air falls abruptly. Under these conditions night air may become a source of danger. The sudden change in temperature calls for extra protection for the body, and one should never think of setting out on no matter how short a journey without extra wraps.

Except in severe weather it is not necessary to care so much for the extremities, as the circulation of the blood is maintained in these parts by their constant motion. But the chest, as the seat of the bulk of the blood and the vitality of the body, should be protected from chill. The so-called chest-protectors are useful; but nothing is simpler than to habituate one's self to wearing woolen underclothing, suiting the weight to the season of the year. Wool is a poor conductor of heat, and when worn next the skin absorbs the perspiration and prevents too rapid loss of the body heat.

Moreover, when the temperature falls, abruptly at night, the moisture present in the air is condensed, and falls to the ground in the form of dew. The dampness and chill form an additional source of danger against which it is necessary to guard, especially in the matter of footwear. Thicker shoes and warm, dry stockings should be worn.

The direct rays of the sun kill many of the microbes that are the specific causes of disease. Consequently night is the favorite time for the evil gnomes of disease to collect their forces and make their plan of attack against mankind. Powerless against the warm, bright rays of the sun, they succumb in the unequal contest; but at night, aided by the slight dampness, they rise from their hiding places, and are borne away by the constantly shifting currents of air upon their errands of sickness and death.

Though this may seem to be more or less fanciful, the study of the origin and life of the various germs of disease has proved that the idea embodies a truth, and that night air is favorable to their propagation.

Care in not exposing a body fatigued by the labors of day and protection against the sudden decrease in temperature and dampness are safeguards which we can easily take on going out into the night air.—Youth's Companion.

AUTHOR AND CRITIC.

The Writer Was Not Worrying Much Over the Terrible Roasting He Got.

The young author had his feet cocked up on a table and was enjoying a cigar when the book reviewer sauntered into the club.

"You seem wonderfully contented and at peace with the world for a man who has been roasted from one end of the country to the other," suggested the reviewer, a trifle put out to think that the hard whacks he had been giving had produced no appreciable effect.

"My boy," said the young author, condescendingly, "those roasts don't worry me a little bit. All you have to do is to sit down and reason it out, and you'll find that I'm all right."

"They're the hottest roasts any writer has got this year," returned the reviewer.

"Of course they are," admitted the young author, "but can't you see they're not for me?"

"Not for you? Why, they refer to you by name."

"Very true; but, then, they fire right over my head. You should take time to reason, my boy; you should take time to reason. Just take your own review of my books as an illustration. You probably had an idea that you were roasting me, but you weren't."

"I wasn't?"

"Not a bit of it, my boy. You said, for instance, that there wasn't a good idea or a bright bit of writing in the whole book."

"That would be enough of a roast for most people," suggested the reviewer, sarcastically.

"It would be enough for me, if it hit me," replied the author, in an offensive patronizing manner, "but you didn't aim right. You handled your weapon like a novice. Why, in the very next paragraph you proved conclusively, according to your own statement, that the whole book was plagiarized from several of the best authors. You said there was hardly an original line in the whole story. Of course, that lets me out on the charge that it is stupid and lacking in ideas, and those old standard authors are the ones that have a kick coming."—Chicago Post.

Choice Salad.

Slice some cold new potatoes the thickness of a penny piece, and mix them with quartered hard-boiled eggs and sliced beetroot. Have ready a dressing of one part tarragon vinegar to two or three of salad oil, salt and pepper; sprinkle the salad first with finely-chopped chives, parsley and chervil, then add the dressing, and toss all over and over lightly and lightly (careful to break the potato as little as possible) till every morsel is saturated with the mixture, and serve in a bowl.—N. Y. L. ger.

Biliousness

Is caused by torpid liver, which prevents digestion and permits food to ferment and putrify in the stomach. Then follow dizziness, headache, insomnia, nervousness, and, if not relieved, bilious fever or blood poisoning. Hood's Pills stimulate the stomach, rouse the liver, cure headache, dizziness, constipation, etc. 25 cents. Sold by all druggists. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills

LATE STATE NEWS.

Alex Wilson, a Bardstown negro, ate 12 cans of oysters to win a bet of \$1.25.

George Johnson, aged 8 years, was burped to death while at play near Brownsville.

A state prohibition paper will be started at Georgetown, edited by Prof. J. J. Rucker.

In the Kentucky Institute for the Deaf at Danville, there are 125 girls and 129 boys.

E. W. Newman has bought and shipped about \$3,000 worth of hogs at Mt. Olivet this season.

John Morton, of Hopkinsville, had one of his ears bitten off by a horse, which swallowed it.

The Rev. Riffe is still engaged in a successful meeting at Foster Chapel, Robertson county.

Governor Bradley has decided that he has no authority to offer a reward for turnpike raiders.

Jim Stone, the Mayfield rape fiend, will probably be taken from Louisville to Mayfield for trial.

E. K. Bonds, of Paducah, has a patent cooking range that he is preparing to put on the market.

The directors of the St. Bernard coal company have decided to pay their regular annual dividend in May.

Hon. J. B. Wilhoit, of Grayson, will be an applicant for the United States district attorneyship of Kentucky.

Covington is to have an assembly dance this year at Odd Fellows' hall Tuesday evening, December 23.

Wm. Warner, an old man, fell over dead in a Louisville saloon immediately after he had taken a drink of liquor.

Harrodsburg recently had a five hours church service appeal to sinners, but nothing occurred to awaken them.—Nicholasville Democrat.

Rev. Lister, of Campbellsville, is delivering his interesting lecture on "Ten Nights in a Barroom" illustrated with stereopticon in Green county.

A large force of hands are at work laying the track of the Brookville and Wellsburg railroad, and expect to have trains running by Christmas.

A Princeton preacher says in the furore of the recent windstorm his chain and bucket pump was blown out of the cistern, with part of the small buckets filled with water.

A large tobacco barn on Mrs. Sallie Jesse's farm three miles east of Versailles, containing about 20,000 pounds of tobacco and a lot of corn, burned Thursday night. Loss, \$3,000.

An injunction has been granted the stockholders of Anderson county turnpikes against the fiscal court, enjoining it from levying a tax to make the roads free or condemning certain pikes public use in the aid of free turnpikes.

The Rev. Elijah Kelly wants to represent Grant county in the Kentucky legislature. He was born in 1847, married in 1867, and is the father of fourteen children,

thirteen of whom are living. Thirteen were by one wife and one by another. He combines farming, preaching and free silver Democracy.

Tollgate raiders in Franklin county have commenced war on larger game. They notified the L. & N. bridge keeper at Frankfort to desist from collecting toll. He in turn notified the railroad officials, who have taken steps to give the raiders a warm reception in case they attempt to put their threats into execution.

HEWITT, TEXAS, Dec. 2, 1896.

Editor HERALD—You will find enclosed One Dollar, for which you will please credit my subscription to HERALD.

Please send paper to Hewitt instead of Waco. I am proud I am living in a county that gave near 5,000 majority for Democracy in the recent election, a congressional district that gave Bob Henry 12,000 majority in spite of all opposition, and a state that gave the Hon. Wm. J. Bryan 130,000 over the opposition composed of Hanna "boodle," coercion, "boltoerats," Populist-Republican fusion and Clark, Cuney and the "coon."

What has become of Billy Breckinridge? Nit.

With best wishes, I am,
Yours truly,

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